
AFTER
APOCALYPSE
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ADULTS ONLY
by CAGRI

AFTER APOCALYPSE

On June 24, 2075, a sunny midsummer day, the Big One hit. Not an earthquake, but the big terrorist attack that everyone had been fearing for almost seventy five years.

Large areas of the United States were buried under ash. Then came a climate change. Survivors referred to the Big One as Apocalypse.

It was the beginning of one of the darkest nights that humanity had seen in its short history. Civilization broke down. Governments fell, power stations came to a halt, communications were down, and there was no transport or food.

After a year, some of the survivors still hid in their Atomic War Shelters, not daring to go out. Some of them were lucky and kept in contact by radio. Like the twin sisters Shelma and Anne Higgins, and their cousin Victoria. Other survivors organized themselves in tribal groups around a War Lord and began a deadly struggle for survival. The rest simply ran wild and scared, hidden in the ruins of what was once a technological civilization.

Only one group survived intact. It was a penal colony buried 6000 feet under the surface, called Tomb Mine Penitentiary. It contained the most hardened criminals, banished and condemned to hard labor for life in the worst penitentiary that human minds had ever conceived...

When news of the catastrophe reached them, the prisoners mutinied and took over. They had weapons, technology, and they quickly got themselves organized.

One group of ex-convicts set up CUNT HUNT CENTER in North Mexico and hunted for women to use as slaves. They were violent and bitter men who satisfied their long-repressed sexual instincts and their thirst for revenge by attacking the terrified survivors of the society that had once condemned them.

Under the leadership of a black loner called Killer, CHC employed hunters, keepers, slave trainers and salesmen.

As an added attraction, CUNT HUNT CENTER offered Cunt Hunt Safaris. Anyone that could afford it could take part in a hunt. The prey was lovely young women, survivors of Apocalypse. The hunt could be to the death or to capture the prey for the hunter own sexual uses.

Mr. Bond was one of the hunters. After being in Tomb Mine for five years he wanted some fun and most of all, revenge. He had been sentenced for life for kidnapping, raping and murdering five women. He hated women...


BIO RADAR POSITIVE, REPEAT, POSITIVE. THREE CUNTS AHEAD.
GIVE YOURSELVES UP, YOU WHORES! YOUR LIVES WILL BE SPARED!!!
DON'T DO IT! WE KNOW WHAT THEY DO TO PRISONERS...
THEY'LL KILL US, NICOLE! WE'RE SURROUNDED!
SHUT YOUR FUCKING MOUTH, WILL YOU? THEY MAY NOT SEE US...


CLAP! CLAP!
PLEASE SIR... DON'T KILL US!
AH, SHIT! I DON'T LIKE EASY CUNT-HUNTS! AT LEAST I GOT MYSELF THREE PUSSIES.
WE AIN'T GONNA PUT YOU DOWN. EVEN IF YOU ASK US TO, AND YOU PROBABLY WILL! HA! HA! HA!.
NOOOOOOOO!
CLAP!
MOVE YOUR TITS, SLAVES, WE'RE LEAVING!!!


GOOD JOB, PURE CAUCASIANS. LET'S CHAIN THEM UP!
MMMMMM...!
BIG FUNBAGS LIKE YOURS, REDHEAD, MEAN BIG MONEY!
MOVE YOUR ASS, REDHEAD, OR I'LL BE EATING RUMP STEAK TONIGHT!
SEVERAL HOURS LATER IN CUNT HUNT CENTRE...



UNIT-R18
OK YOU WHORES, OUT OF HERE! GET THEM BIG TITS BOUNCING! FASTER!
TRRRRRR!
THUMP!
C'MON, KEEP MOVING!!!
TRRRRRR!
YOU'LL SPEND THE NIGHT SHUT IN HERE. IN THE MORNING YOU'LL GET INDIVIDUAL CAGES. CLASSY, HUH? HA! HA! HA!


NEXT MORNING, IN THE VISITORS HALL...
AUCTION
I'M LOOKING FOR A NEW PET... YEAH... A BLONDE LIKE YOU WILL DO FINE...
THE NEW BATCH OF CUNTS IS ON DISPLAY, GENTLEMEN. SORRY TO KEEP YOU WAITING.
SOMETHING WRONG, DEAR? TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT...
WHAT'S UP, YOU BIG SLUT? ARE YOU JEALOUS OR JUST SHITTING YOURSELF?
YOU GOT GOOD REASON TO SHIT YOURSELF. IF I BUY THIS ONE YOU'RE DOGMEAT!
TIME FOR YOUR CATALOGUE ENTRY, YOU SLUT.
JUMP DOWN!!!


YOU DEAF OR SOMETHING, SLAVE?
THIS'LL HELP YOUR HEARING.
THESE BASTARDS ARE OFF THEIR HEADS!
CHRIST! THESE GUYS REALLY GONNA KILL US!
SLAM!
ON YOUR FEET, AND SHOW US YOUR CUNT AND TITS. THE BITCHES ARE NAKED IN THE CATALOGUE.
FEELING SHY NOW, ARE WE, YOU DIRTY SLUT?
LET'S SEE IF THE HAIR'S RED!
I WANNA SEE IT WINKING AT ME, KID! SHOW US YOUR BIG WET LIPS! PANTS DOWN, NICE AND SLOW NOW...

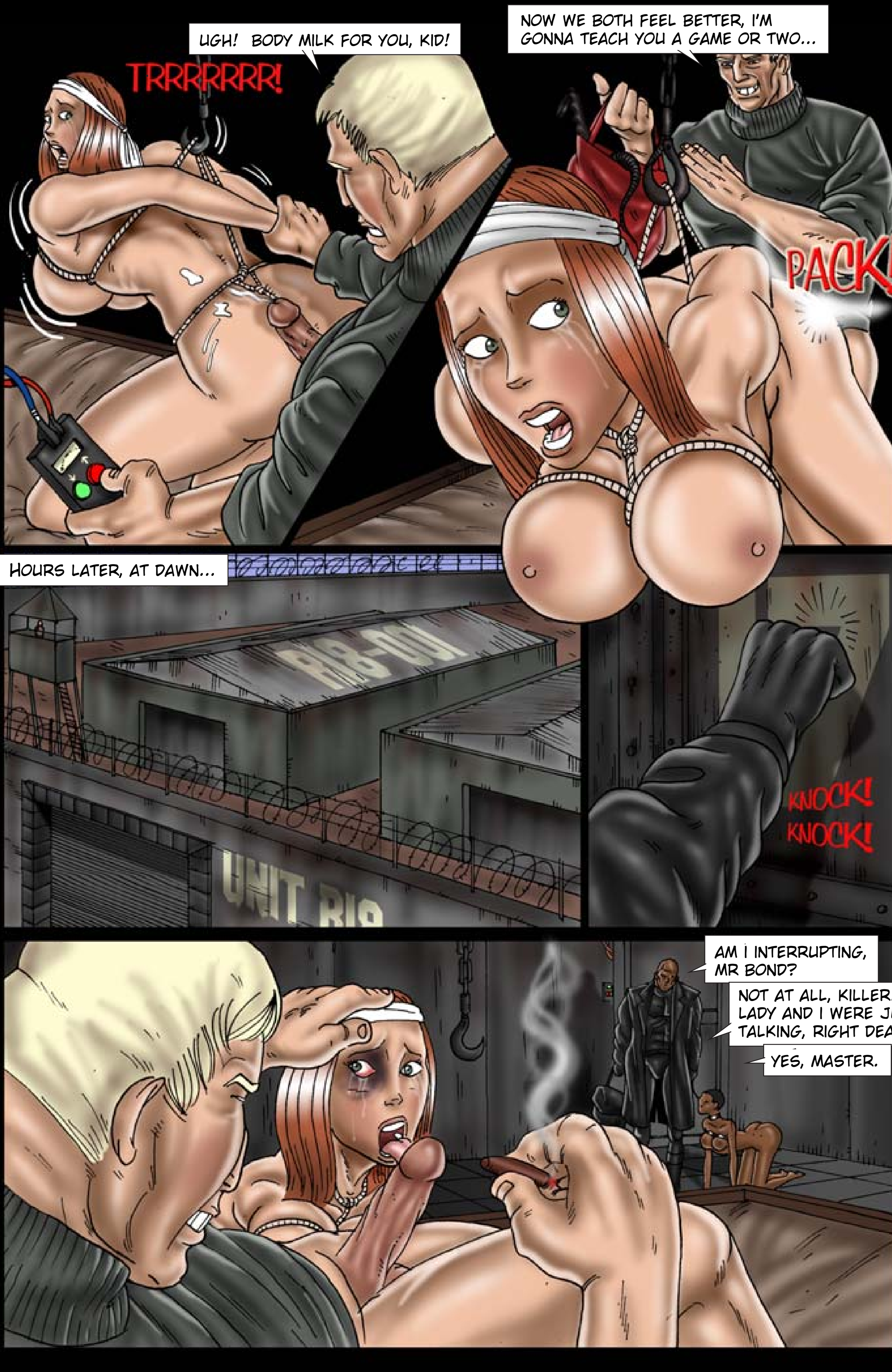

NOW AIN'T THAT A NEAT LITTLE ASS?
AND WHAT A PAIR OF TITS! WHAT'S THE PRICE?
OH YEAH, IT'S SAYING, WHIP ME, WHIP ME!
MMMM... THE CUNT'S TAKEN SOME STICK.
BUT THE ASSHOLE'S BRAND NEW. THAT'S WORTH AN INSTANT AUCTION, KILLER!
DO NOT FEED THE PETS
SORRY, GENTLEMEN. FOR THE MOMENT THIS HIGHLY DESIRABLE PROPERTY IS FOR RENT ONLY


OK, WALK, SLAVE!
ORIZED
F ONLY
EVER SEE ONE OF THESE?
OPEN YOUR MOUTH! YOU'RE GONNA BE REAL PHOTOGENIC.
KEEP STILL AND SMILE. SAY CHEESE, GIRL!
CLICK!


THAT NIGHT, IN SUITE NUMBER 17...
LOT 289, AGE 21, PURE CAUCASIAN CUNT. MMMM... GREAT... PUT HER IN THE CATALOGUE RIGHT AWAY.
OPERATOR, GIVE ME THE KENNELS! SEND 289 UP!
MR BOND!
GO AHEAD, KILLER. GO AHEAD!
17
VIP
YOU WANTED THE BIG TITS!
HERE YOU ARE!
SLAM!


LET ME INTRODUCE MYSELF, HONEY.
I JUST GOT HERE AND MY DICK'S GONNA POP OFF ANY SECOND. I'M A CUNT-HUNTER. AND I LIKE IT HARD, OK?
SLAP!
SO LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS...

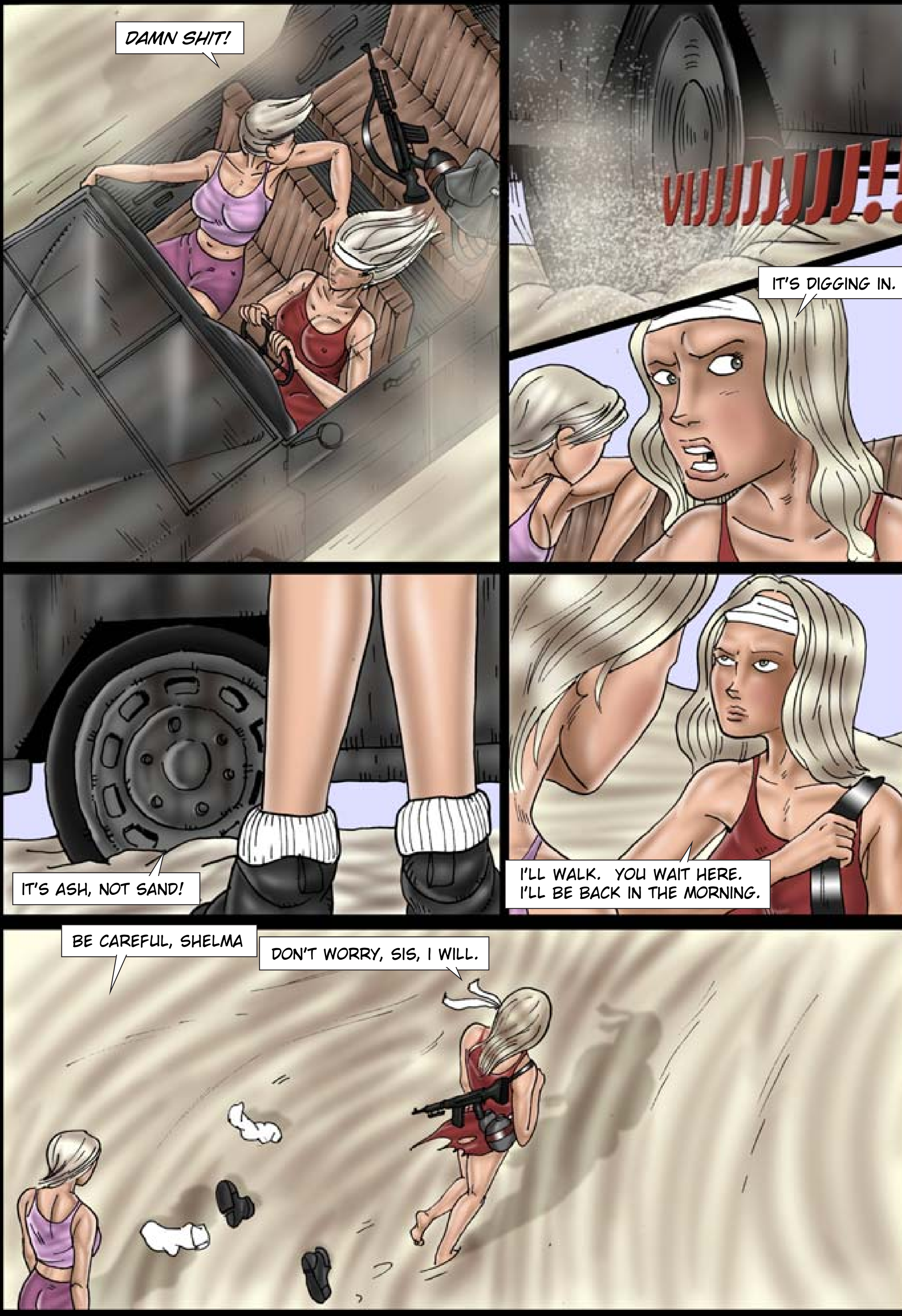

I'M GONNA RAPE YOU, KID, BUT FIRST...
YOU TAKE MY PANTS DOWN...
CLEVER GIRL, THAT'S THE WAY!
YOU SUCK LIKE A PRO, DID YOU KNOW?
NOW TURN ROUND....
GET A CUNTFUL OF HARD DICK, YOU DIRTY BITCH!
UHUUUUUU!


UGH! BODY MILK FOR YOU, KID!
TRRRRRRR!
NOW WE BOTH FEEL BETTER, I'M GONNA TEACH YOU A GAME OR TWO...
PACK!
HOURS LATER, AT DAWN...
UNIT R19
KNOCK! KNOCK!
AM I INTERRUPTING, MR BOND?
NOT AT ALL, KILLER. THE LADY AND I WERE JUST TALKING, RIGHT DEAR?
YES, MASTER.

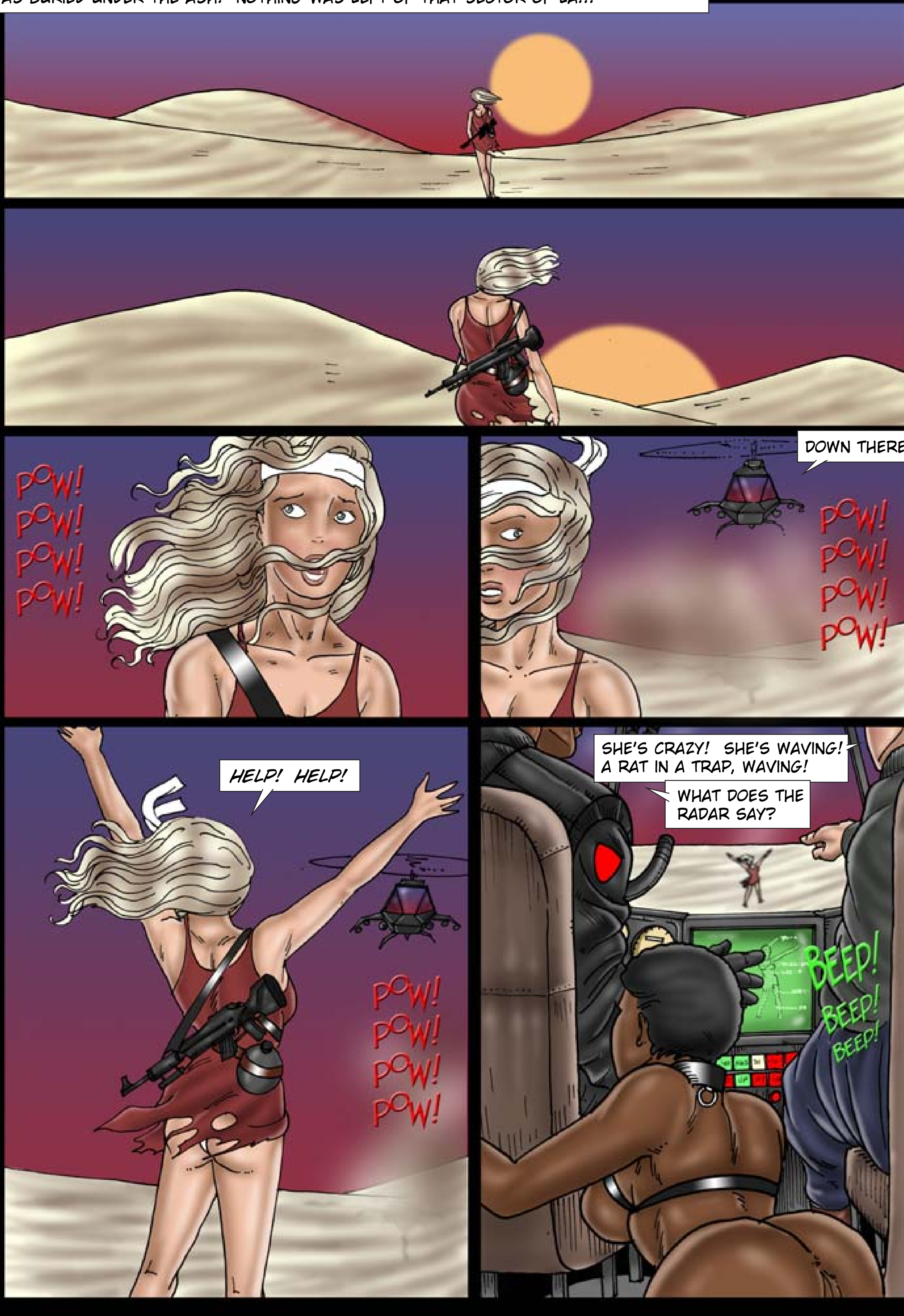

I GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU, MR. BOND. A SAFARI IN THE NORTHERN STRIP.
VIRGIN COUNTRY, MR. BOND. NOBODY'S DONE ANY TRAPPING THERE. WE TRIED BUT WE LOST A HELICOPTER IN A STORM. THE BIO RADAR HAD PICKED UP SEVERAL GROUPS...
IT'S HERE. HANDCOCK PARK, CLASSY RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT IN LA BEFORE APOCALYPSE.
VERY INTERESTING... I KNOW THE PLACE.
YOU AGREE THEN, MR BOND? IT'S WORTH SCOUTING FOR STRAY CUNT?
YEAH, OF COURSE!
OK THEN. WE'LL LEAVE AT DAWN. YOU CAN BRING THIS BROWN HOLE IF YOU WANT...
I'LL BRING MY BLACK CUNT, HERE.


Meanwhile, in the desolated remains of Los Angeles...
NO ANSWER FROM VICKY. SHE MAY BE IN TROUBLE.
I'M GOING TO TAKE A LOOK ROUND.
SHELMA, WE DON'T KNOW WHAT'S OUT THERE. WE AGREED NOT TO TAKE ANY CHANCES, RIGHT? WE'RE SAFE IN HERE.
NO CHOICE. VICKY'S OUR COUSIN. SHE'S THE ONLY ONE LEFT IN THE FAMILY.
I'M NOT LETTING YOU GO ON YOUR OWN.
ALRIGHT. FILL THE WATER BOTTLES. I'LL GET THE GUN.
LET'S GO!
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RUN!
START, YOU SON OF A BITCH!
VRROOOAAM!
VROAAAAAAM!


DAMN SHIT!
VIJJJJJJJJ!!
IT'S DIGGING IN.
IT'S ASH, NOT SAND!
I'LL WALK. YOU WAIT HERE.
I'LL BE BACK IN THE MORNING.
BE CAREFUL, SHELMA
DON'T WORRY, SIS, I WILL.
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A FEW HOURS LATER, SHELMA HIGGINS WAS COMPLETELY LOST. EVERYTHING SHE KNEW WAS BURIED UNDER THE ASH. NOTHING WAS LEFT OF THAT SECTOR OF LA...

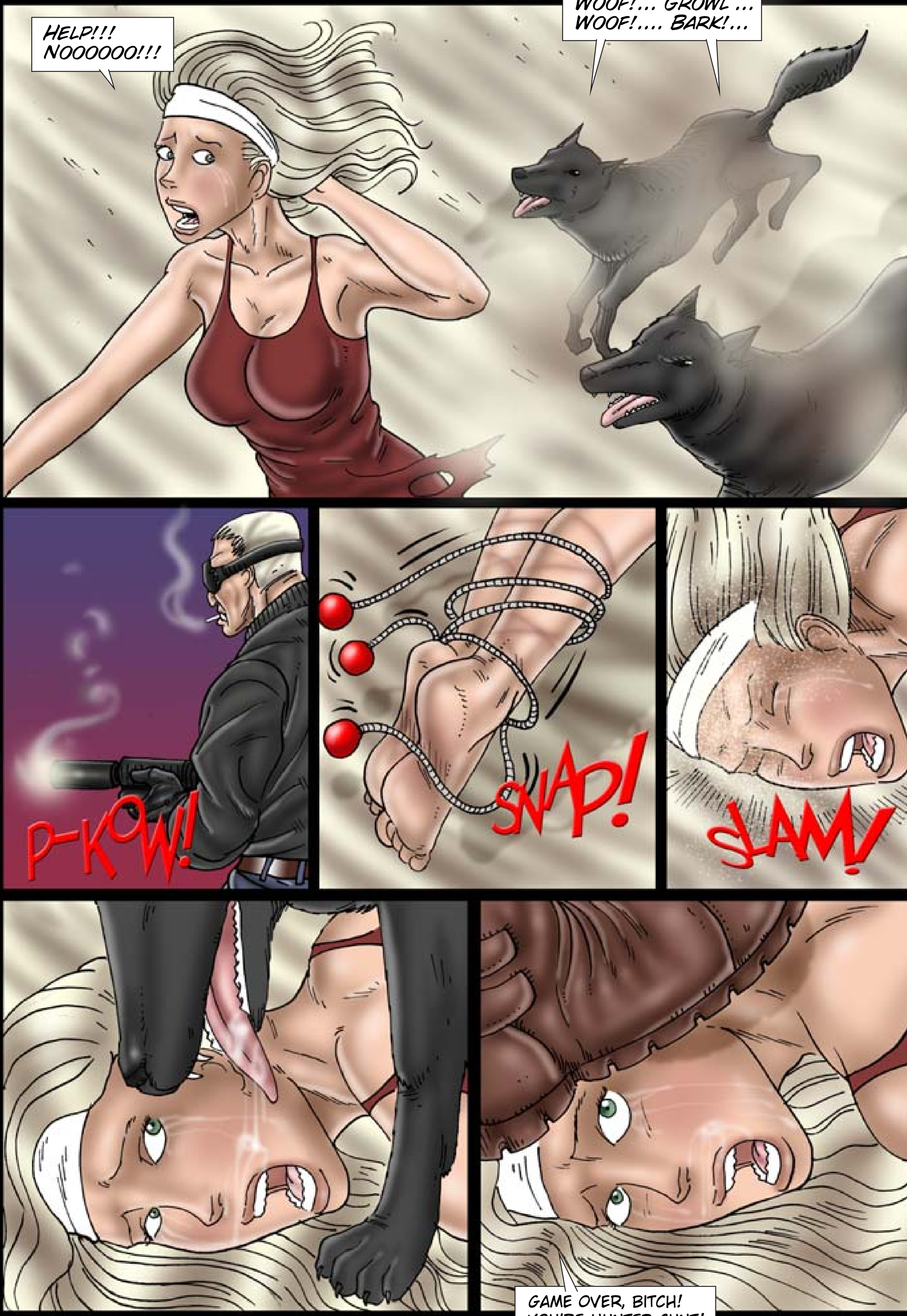



SPECIES: HUMAN SEX: FEMALE RACE: PURE CAUCASIAN CELLULAR AGE: 23 ILLNESS: NO CAUTION!: ADRENALINE AND BLOOD PRESSURE UP TO DANGEROUS LEVELS
POW! POW! POW! POW!
WHOOOSH!
CHRIST, THEY'RE OUT OF THEIR MINDS!
OVER HERE, BLACK BITCH, AND SUCK DICK. THIS IS GETTING EXCITING!
SEE THAT BUTT!
HIT!
DON'T SHOOT, KILLER, I WANT THAT CUNT!
POW! POW! POW! POW!
YR-12



RUN, YOU BITCH.
MORE FUN THAT WAY.
POW!
POW!
POW!
POW!
MMMM... VOLEADORAS!
MAXIMUM IRRITATION!
1-DARTS
2-CONTACT NET
3-BALLISTIC
PROJECTILES
THWAK!
SNAP!
ARGGGHHHHHHHH!
THUMP!
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WHAT THE HELL? MY LEGS ARE BURNING!
SO'S MY COCK, YOU BITCH...HA! HA! HA!
1-PARALYZING
2-IRRITATING
3-NEUTRALISING
I'M A LUCKY HUNTER, THE PREY DOESN'T GIVE UP... HA! HA! HA!
P-KOW!!
THAC!
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HELP!!! NOOOOOO!!!
WOOF!... GROWL ... WOOF!.... BARK!...
P-KOW!
SNAP!
SLAM!
GAME OVER, BITCH! YOU'RE HUNTED CUNT!


ON YOUR FEET, YOU CUNT. I WANNA SEE HOW YOU FLOP 'EM AROUND!
PLEASE! I'M LOST. CAN YOU HELP? MY SISTER'S BACK THERE. SHE'S ON HER OWN. WHAT... WHAT... WHAT ARE YOU DOING! ARE YOU CRAZY?
I'M GONNA RAPE YOU NOW WHEN YOU'RE HOT, KID. I LIKE A SWEATY FUCK.
BLEEP BLEEP BLEEP
CARGO FULL? WHAT DO I DO WITH THE CUNT? DO I KILL IT?
NO NEED TO KILL IT IF YOU WANT TO KEEP IT, BOND. HEAD FOR THE COAST, I'LL SEND TRANSPORT TO PICK YOU UP.
SHIT! MOVE THAT PERT LITTLE ASS, KID. THE FUN'S OFF TILL THIS EVENING...


LATER, UNDER CLEAR STARRY SKIES...
YOUR TITS SURE LOOK GOOD TREMBLING LIKE THAT! ARE THEY COLD OR ARE YOU SHIT SCARED, SLAVE?
I DON'T LIKE FUCKING DRY CUNTS. SO YOU'RE GONNA WET YOUR LITTLE PUSSY FIRST.
OVER HERE, NEARER...
RIDE MY BOOT, FUCK IT! I WANNA SEE IT SHINE WITH CUNT JUICE!


RUB YOUR TITS UP AND DOWN MY PANTS. YOU'RE A HOOKER NOW, KID. MOVE LIKE ONE!
PLEASE ... NO....
CUT THE CRAP! AND KEEP GOING TILL YOU CUM!
PLEASE... AAGHHHH... UUHHHH... AAAAHHHH.... NOOOOOOO...!!!
YOU CAME, YOU DIRTY SLUT! TELL THE TRUTH!
YES... YES...
PACK!
YES, MASTER, YOU HOT CUNT!



DID YOU EVER EAT COCK, SLAVE?
NO... MASTER....
TIME YOU LEARNT...
GET GOING, GET YOUR MOUTH DOWN ON IT!
BETTER BE THIRSTY, 'CAUSE YOU GONNA DRINK YOUR MASTER'S SPUNK
THAT'S THE WAY... NOW YOU'RE JUST A FUCKING WHORE, YOU SEE?


THAT'S ENOUGH ON THE GROUND NOW!
SMOCK!
MY DICK'S GONNA BLOW ITS TOP... OPEN THOSE LEGS, WIDE!
NO... PLEASE... NO.... DON'T...
MMMMM... TASTY LITTLE SLAVE, AIN'T YA?..... MMMMMM....
ARGHHHHHHH!!!
OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND KISS ME... UGH! ... I'M ... UGH! ... COMING! AAAAAGH! ... FEEL THAT, SLAVE? IT'S YOUR MASTER'S CUM!!!
NNNNGGGGGGG....


DAWN, AND THE COLD OF THE NIGHT GAVE WAY TO A SCORCHING DAY...
CHRIST, HE'S AWAKE!
I'LL PRETEND TO BE ASLEEP...
WAKE UP, SLAVE!
THUMB!
WAKE UP, I SAID, SLAVE!
I GOT A REPORT SAYS THERE'S ANOTHER CUNT IN EAST SECTOR, STUCK IN A JEEP. GENE MATCH WITH YOURS...


I'M A BORN WINNER. TWO SISTERS IN ONE SAFARI! MMMMM... DOES SHE HAVE BIG ONES LIKE THESE?
LET'S GO! MUSTN'T KEEP A LADY WAITING.
LATER...
WOW! SHE BLOWS!
MMMMM.... YOUR LITTLE SIS AIN'T BAD AT ALL.
SHELMA...!!! WHO'S THIS ONE? WHAT'S GOING ON?
THWAK!
GOING? YOU MEAN COMING, KID! HA! HA! HA!


4 WEEKS LATER, IN CUNT HUNT CENTER...
GUESS MY SLAVE'S BEEN MISSING ME, EH?
I AIN'T FUCKED YOU FOR A MONTH. YOU MUST BE GAGGING FOR IT!
HOLY SHIT, YOU SON OF A BITCH!
YOUR MASTER'S GOT FRESH CUNT. NO TIME TO FUCK YOU SO HE'S GONNA LEND YOU TO KILLER. YOU WON'T GET BORED...
OH NO! THIS BLACK BASTARD IS GOING TO KILL ME!

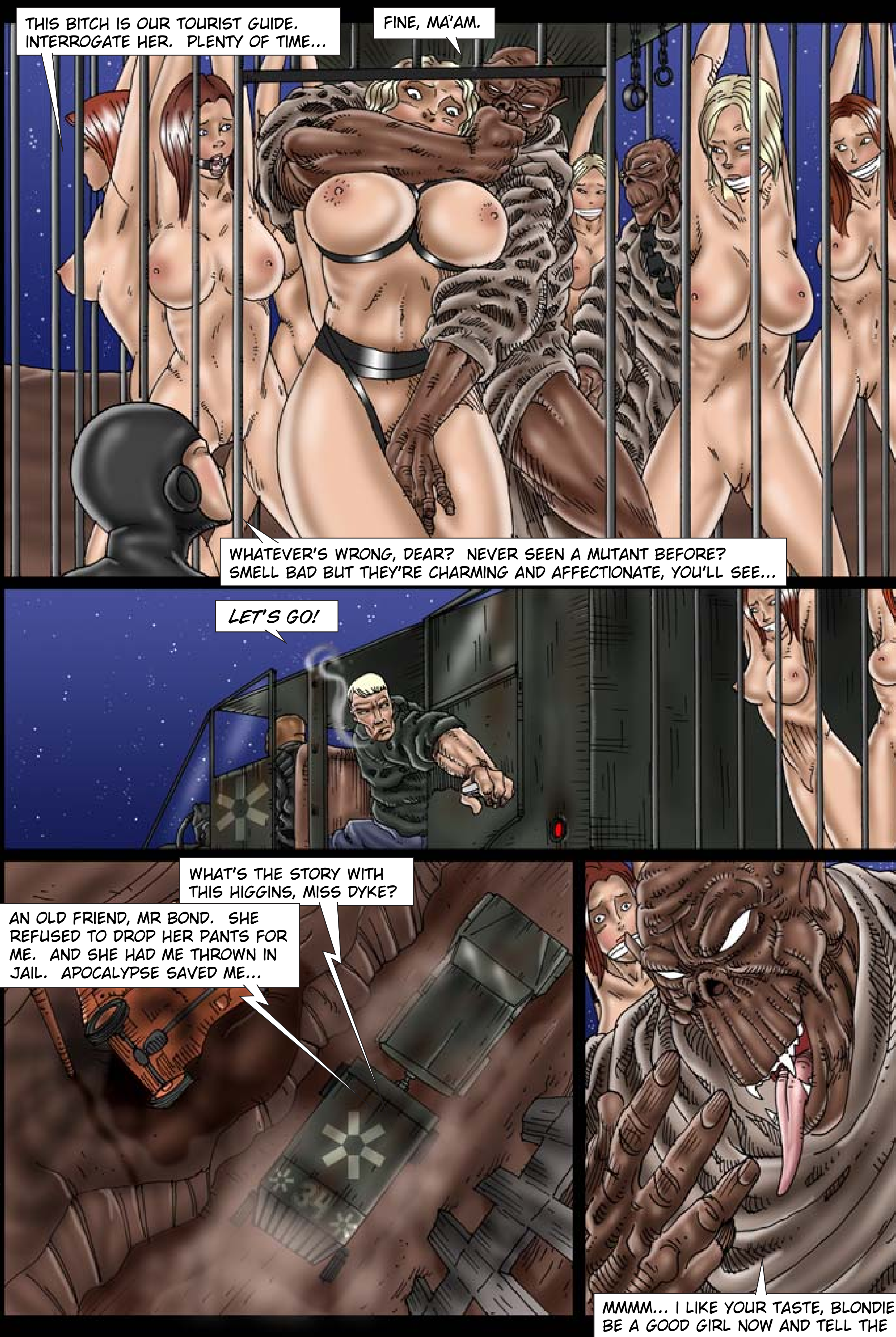

RECOGNIZE THIS ONE?
IT'S MY NEW FUCK-TOY!
ANNE! CHRIST, WHAT HAS HE DONE TO YOU?
SHE'S VERY OBEDIENT NOW SHE'S GOT A NEW COLLAR.
CLICK!
SEE THIS...


ON YOUR KNEES, BITCH!
NEAT, EH? I DON'T NEED TO SPEAK EVEN.
SHE JUST GETS LICKING HER MASTER'S COCK. CAN'T GET IT IN FAR ENOUGH! A FUCKING NYMPHO!
ANNE! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO HER, YOU SON OF A BITCH?
TUT, TUT... YOU BETTER LEARN SOME MANNERS FAST, SLAVE...
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A SPARK OR TWO WILL HELP TO YOUR EDUCATION! I ALWAYS WANTED TO BREAK IN A CAUCASIAN SLUT... A CLASSY ONE LIKE YOU!
D-BAZZ!
YEAH... WE'RE GONNA HAVE FUN, YOU AND ME. YOUR PUSSY'S GONNA BE CHOKING FOR AIR...
C'MON, SLAVE.... KISS YOUR BLACK MASTER NICE AND DEEP...
SORRY TO DISTURB YOU, GENTLEMEN, BUT I HAVE A LUCRATIVE BUSINESS PROPOSAL TO DISCUSS WITH YOU.
GO AHEAD, MISS DYKE! PLEASURE TO TALK BUSINESS WITH YOU.


I HEAR YOU WERE HUNTING IN HANDCOCK PARK, MR BOND.
YEP. TWO CUNTS, THIS ONE AND HER BIG SIS.
THERE'S A GROUP HIDING OUT THERE. RESISTANCE. SLAVES. AND THIS BITCH OF A LAWYER, VICTORIA HIGGINS, IS THE LEADER. I WANT HER.
AND YOU WANT THE BEST MAN FOR THE JOB, DON'T YOU MISS DYKE?
THESE TWO MUST KNOW WHERE SHE IS... I'M TALKING 10,000 FOR THIS HIGGINS AND ANOTHER 10,000 FOR THE CUNT IN THAT CAGE.
WELL, YOU KNOW THE GROUND... AND SHE'S KIND OF FAMILY. SHE'S A COUSIN OF THAT SLUT THAT'S LICKING YOUR DICK!
20,000$ FOR THE CUNT AND A SAFARI THROWN IN? I LIKE IT! I ALWAYS WANTED TO DO THIS PROFESSIONALLY!
CLAP!
CLAP!
YOU'RE A LUCKY PIECE OF WHITE CUNT. YOU JUST GOT KILLER OFF YOUR BACK... SOLD TO A FUCKING DYKE!


BE CAREFUL, MISS. THE CUNT AIN'T BROKEN IN YET.
NO HASSLE, KILLER. WE'RE GOING TO GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER VERY WELL... AND YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME WHERE YOUR COUSIN IS, AREN'T YOU?
NO WAY! I WON'T BETRAY HER!
EVERYTHING READY, GORKO?
THE GOODS ARE IN THE CAGE, MA'AM.
CARRIER - 3H
THROW THIS ONE IN TOO. LAST-MINUTE PURCHASE


THIS BITCH IS OUR TOURIST GUIDE. INTERROGATE HER. PLENTY OF TIME...
FINE, MA'AM.
WHATEVER'S WRONG, DEAR? NEVER SEEN A MUTANT BEFORE? SMELL BAD BUT THEY'RE CHARMING AND AFFECTIONATE, YOU'LL SEE...
LET'S GO!
WHAT'S THE STORY WITH THIS HIGGINS, MISS DYKE?
AN OLD FRIEND, MR BOND. SHE REFUSED TO DROP HER PANTS FOR ME. AND SHE HAD ME THROWN IN JAIL. APOCALYPSE SAVED ME...
MMMM... I LIKE YOUR TASTE, BLONDIE... BE A GOOD GIRL NOW AND TELL THE LADY WHAT SHE WANTS TO HEAR.


NOT IF YOU KILLED ME, APE-BRAIN! LEAVE ME ALONE!
GOOD. MORE FUN THAT WAY...
ANYONE TELL YOU TO STOP SUCKING, YOU SLAVE?
PAT!
IF YOU'RE HAVING PROBLEMS WITH YOUR SLAVE, I COULD TRAIN HER FOR YOU, MR BOND.
VERY KIND OF YOU, MA'AM, BUT I LIKE THEM WILD...
WHERE ARE THEY HIDING, CUNT!!!
34
AAAIIIIEEEEEEE!!



APE-BRAIN AM I, EH, YOU BITCH?
IF YOU TELL WE'LL BE NICE AND JUST RAPE YOU!
NOOOOOOO!!!
THE HIDEOUT, OR YOU LOSE YOUR CLIT SLAVE!
SMASH!
CAN YOU IMAGINE A MUTANT DICK UP YOUR TINY LITTLE ASSHOLE?
SMASH!
SO, IS IT ALIVE OR DEAD, MISS DYKE?
STOP! STOP! I'LL TELL YOU! ... VICKY'S IN A HOUSE ... NORTHGATE 2434!!! STOP!!!
ALIVE, OF COURSE. I HAVE PLANS FOR HER...
I BET YOU HAVE..
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HEY, ONE EYE, GET THE BLONDE AND A FEW SLAVES OUT TO KEEP THE BOYS HAPPY.
WE'LL WAIT INSIDE.
KEEP STILL, YOU BITCH, I DON'T WANNA BLOW MY BALLS!
RADAR SAYS THE HIGGINS BAND HAS BEEN HERE!
WE'LL FIND HER, MISS DYKE
YOU FILTHY MUTANT, LEAVE THE BLONDE ALONE AND GET OVER HERE.
WE'LL CARRY ON LATER. I'M NOT THROUGH WITH YOU YET. I'M MISS DYKE'S SLAVEMASTER.


WELL, WELL... IT'S LITTLE SHELMA, THE COUSIN...
YOU'VE GOT A PERFECT SLAVE'S FACE, SHELMA. AND YOUR SLAVE'S LIPS ARE GONNA BE SLURPING ROUND IN MY WET PUSSY...
NO... I.... I'M NOT ... I DON'T...
SMOCK!
OH, YES, YOU DO! YOU'RE GOING TO LICK ME AFTER SUPPER. GORKO, SIT MY LAPDOG AT THE TABLE.


ALL SET, MA'AM.
YOU'RE GOING TO EAT IT ALL UP, AREN'T YOU, MY DEAR?
CAGRI
GORKO, GET THOSE DOGS OUT OF HERE, THEY'RE EATING MY BITCH'S FOOD!


WHAT'S THE PROBLEM, BITCH? YOU DON'T LIKE THE FOOD YOUR MISTRESS GIVES YOU?
YOUR CHOICE! DOGFOOD OR A CUNTBURGER!
GET THAT TONGUE IN THE SLIT, WIGGLE IT IN... UP TO THE TOP NOW! ... OH!


OH YES... RUB YOUR PRETTY FACE AROUND!
I WANNA SEE YOUR CUNT GAPING AT ME, LIKE A FISH! OPEN AND SHUT!
SMASH!
YOU'LL LEARN TO MILK A COCK WITH YOUR CUNT, I PROMISE YOU THAT!
SSSSSSS!
MMMMM... YOU'RE A TIGHT ONE. SQUEEZE, DAMN YOU! SQUEEZE ONTO ME!


THE RADAR! WE GOT A HIT!
BEEP!
BEEP!
A GROUP, A MILE AWAY, EAST.
BEEP!
BEEP!
BEEP!
OPERATING
JUICY?
YOU BET! YOUNG FEMALES
LET'S ROUND THEM UP!
CUNT AHEAD! ARMED CUNT!


ZOOM OUT/IN
DISTANCE 2345.00923 M
SPX-PER.: %67.923
RACE: HUMAN(PURE)
INITIATING
IT'S HER! IT'S VICTORIA HIGGINS!
LET'S GO, GORKO
DON'T FORGET. I WANT HER ALIVE AND DRIPPING!!!
DX-312
312
310
DX-310
DX-312
CAGRI
THE END?

